

DOCTOR • WHO

SHIPWRECK!

PART ONE

Present day. This is the *Seamancer*, a fishing trawler out of Portsmouth, battling through the **worst storm** the Atlantic Ocean has seen for **30 years**.

She's seen *tough waters* before, but *nothing* like this. And things are going to get *much worse*...

Urgh! I think I'm gonna *throw up*!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

If you *must* be sick, *Miss Jones*, please go *outside*.

I don't think I can *move*. Where's the *Doctor*?

"Your friend is outside, *enjoying* the ride. Personally, I think he's *insane*."

Yaahooooooooo!

You might think he's mad, *Captain Ketley*, but I couldn't possibly comment...

Surely a little *bad weather* would not trouble a hardened traveller in *time and space* like yourself.

Oh, ha ha, very funny...

Hey! I thought you were supposed to be *fixing the TARDIS*, not taking in the *sea air*.

I don't know what's making me heave *more*, the flipping *sea* or the captain's *sarcasm*. Get a *move on!*



It's *nice* of Captain Ketley to have us onboard...

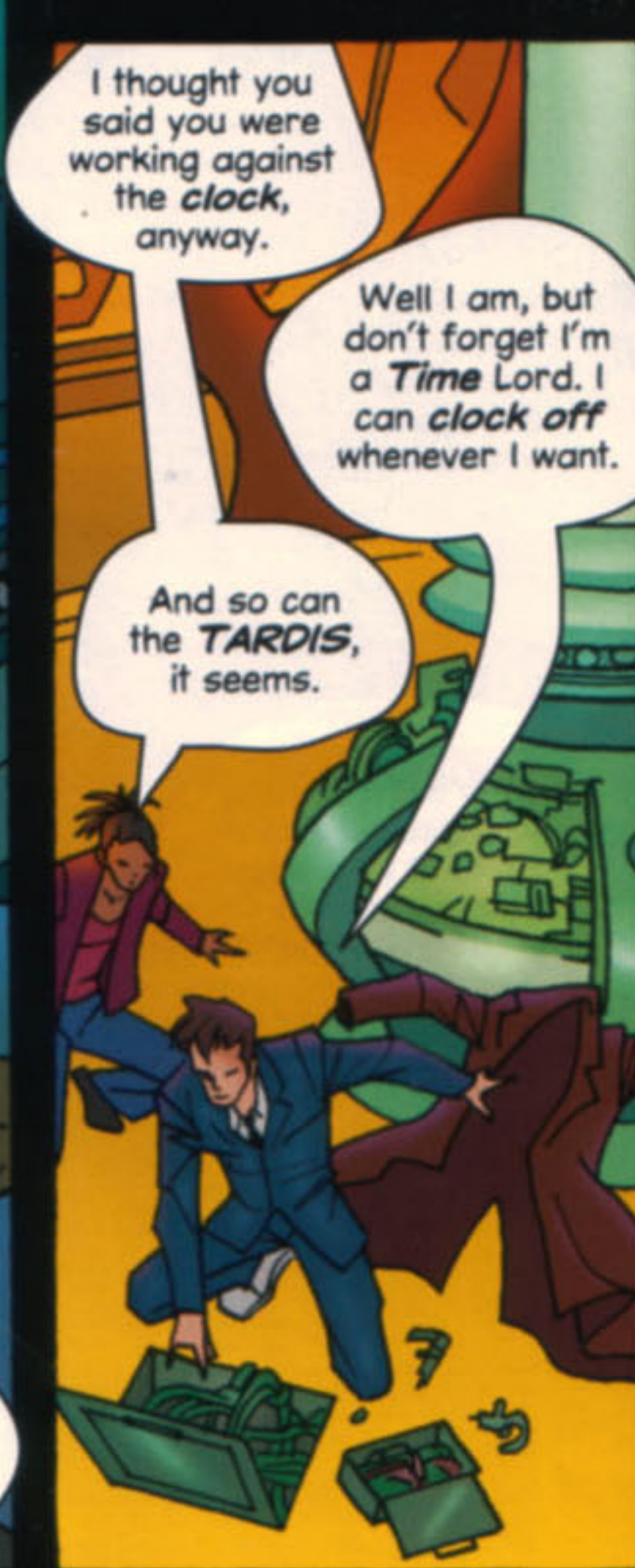
He doesn't have much choice - not since the TARDIS chose to pitch up *below decks*.

Best not *outstay* our welcome then.



Can't a fella *enjoy* himself on a *sea cruise* anymore?

Some *cruise*! That's a *force seven storm* out there. The *Seamancer's* lost at sea and the forecast is *bad*. It's time you got on with the *job in hand*.



I thought you said you were working against the *clock*, anyway.

Well I am, but don't forget I'm a *Time Lord*. I can *clock off* whenever I want.

And so can the *TARDIS*, it seems.



The TARDIS is very *old*, Martha. Things do *break down* occasionally.

But you've worked out what's up with it?

Oh, that's obvious - the *dematerialisation field* is fluctuating badly. It just needs *recalibrating*, that's all.

But it is *urgent*, right?



If it's not fixed *soon*, the dematerialisation field might cut in without *warning*...




Suddenly...


Whoa! Turbulence!

The *Seamancer's* taking a real *battering*...

KRRZZZRRKK!




Heave to, bosun!
Hard to port! We'll
run *aground* if we're
not careful!



I can't work in these
conditions! The
TARDIS is getting
sea sick!

Maybe we should
leave it to the
experts this
time...

I *am* an
expert!




She's not responding,
skipper! I think the
rudder's gone!

Look out! We're
going to hit those
rocks!



Abandon
ship!

**KKKKRRUUU
- UNNNECHHH!**



Martha! Swim for
the rocks!

No kidding!



cough cough
You don't half
pick your times
to go for a *swim*,
Doctor...

Never mind that - the
Seamancer's going
down... we should look
for *survivors*.



Doctor! Miss Jones!
You made it!

Only just! Where
are we? I thought
we were lost in the
middle of the Atlantic!



According to the
charts, there was
no land within a
hundred miles of the
Seamancer. I don't
know *where* we are.

Everyone's
accounted for,
skipper - at least
we're all *alive*!



Alive? For how
long? What *is*
this godforsaken
place?

Simmer down,
cook. We need to
stay calm and
find shelter.




Funny - the
compass needle
is *stuck*. How can
that happen?

Bust on the
rocks?



Let's have a look.


Ah! Interesting! We
must be right on top
of the *magnetic pole*.
The needle's *jammed*
because it's trying to
point *straight down*.



You're all talking *rubbish!* We can't be anywhere near the **North Pole** - we went down in the middle of the blitherin' *Atlantic!*

Hey!


Cook - that's *enough!* We won't get anywhere arguing among ourselves!



I always said havin' *wimmin* onboard was *bad luck*.


Listen, mate, you make your *own* luck - nothing to do with *me!*

Be quiet and listen!




You may think it's *bad* that the ship's gone down and we've been washed up *here...*

...but it's *worse* than that. This sand is *volcanic rock*. It shouldn't be anywhere *near* the Atlantic Ocean - or the North Pole, for that matter.



What are you trying to say, Doctor?

That this isn't Kansas anymore. Look up *there*.



Huh? Where have all the *clouds* gone? What happened to the *storm?*

Oh, we've left the storm *well behind*, Martha. Check those stars out. That's *Rigel Four*... that's the *Gogol Nebula*...

...and that's where *Metulla Orionis* used to be. You can't see any of those constellations from *Earth*.

You mean - we're not *on Earth* anymore?



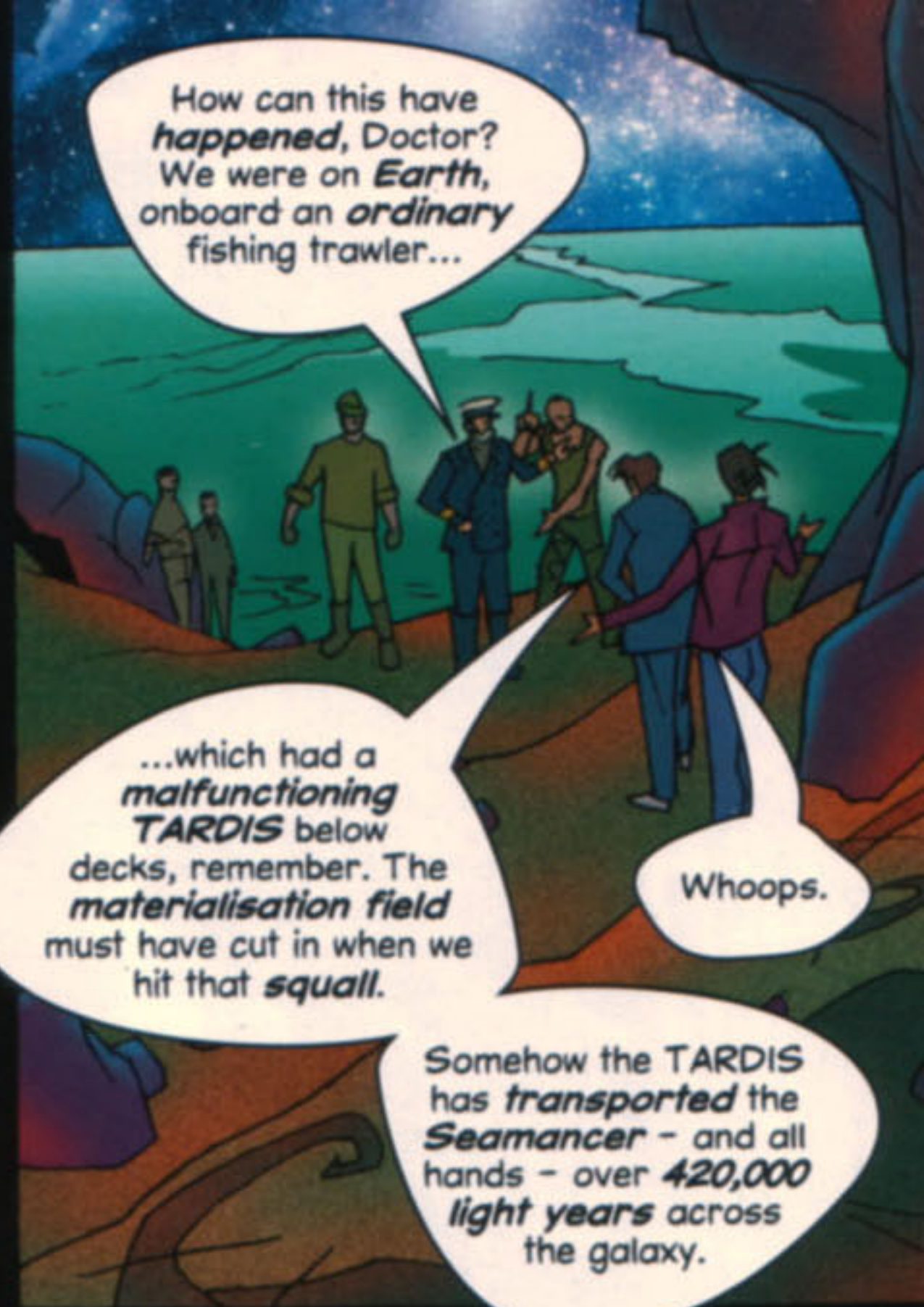
Somehow we've
been transported to
another planet.

Codswallop!
Why are we
listening to this
moron?



Calm
down, cook.
Maybe the
Doctor's *right*.
What other
explanation
can there be?

Don't tell me
you *believe*
these two
goons,
skipper?!



How can this have *happened*, Doctor? We were on *Earth*, onboard an *ordinary* fishing trawler...

...which had a malfunctioning **TARDIS** below decks, remember. The **materialisation field** must have cut in when we hit that **squall**.

Whoops.

Somehow the TARDIS has *transported* the *Seamancer* - and all hands - over **420,000** *light years* across the galaxy.



Excuse me,
skipper
- but we've got
company...!

Oh!

What in the blue
blazes - *ulp!*



This is the oceanworld of **Surobos!** You are alien *intruders!* By the *ancient lore* of the Suroban shoal...

...you are
condemned to
death!

EEEEEE000000WWWWW!
YIKES! FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT ISSUE!